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Choice Loetry.

THE SEQUEL TO A "NEW LEGEND." BY HOWARD GLINDON

And still she sat in the road to Rome.
With her hungry eyes on the great white dome,
Mindless of riot and rain at home,
Saving to passers, "Let me be;
Behold, I am that was Italy!" And hanging her head from sorest shame At the growing dishonor of her name, While the summers went and the winters ca And, passing, the world said, "I a this she That was called by the name of Italy!

For she traileth her splendor in the dust, And her sword in the scabbard getteth rust And truly in her may no man trust; And it shall only remembered be Hereafter, that she was Italy."

But she, with her head between her knees, Was moved not for any of these Represches, clustering thick as been; thay she said, "Now let me be, Sinc Rome is riven from Italy.

"I am but a stirrer up of strifa; Having no more delight in life; I am as a jealous and unloved wife; And thrift and quiet are not for me, Since rot's at the heart of Italy."

And now the darkness had come apace, Eletting out from before her face. The things she had seen for a little space, And the hopes she had seen for a little space, Praises were sung for Italy;

When sudden an overflowing light Havished the darkness from the night And made it brighter than the day is bright: And she hid her even: "It is not for me, Fallen, forsaken Italy:" Then steadily to her startled ear Answered a small voice, still and clear,

She hooked, and the gates were opened wide, And the keys of Peter were at her side, And the glory had clothed her like a bride; And the dome was alight. "Is this for me! Ah! then once more I am Italy!"

As one in a dream she entered, weak; But they kissed her on lip, and chin, and che And all were too glad for any to speak— Wrapped in wonder that Rome should be Safe in the arms of Italy.

"Wait a little," she whispers low;
"The tide will come and the tide will go,
It will give us liberty in its flow;
Since we all gathered together be,
The rest shall be added to Italy."

She will put her crown upon her head; She will smooth the silk of her bridal bed; She will go out proudly charioted. Peace and pleuty for her shall be, Since Rome has been given to Italy.

Select Story.

AN AUTHENTIC GHOST.

The unfailing interest which attaches to a well authenticated ghost-story—not to speak of the equally robust expectation that, from each fresh phenomenon as it occurs, shall be born a theory of explanation that may cover much that is foregone—furnishes a sufficient excuse for continuing to arrest and chronicle, if we may not analyse, those mysterious gleams that shoot across our ordinary life, and vanish, leaving only, according to circumstances, a perplexed recollection or an indistinct fear.

If hanned houses are as plentiful in London

or an indistinct fear.

If haunted houses are as plentiful in London itself as some persons assert, it may really become necessary to insert in leases a whort conditional clause, having reference to this form of disturbance. The incumbent of a West-end district was but recently consulted on the subject of a large house, but a few hundred yards from ledgrave Square, from which tenant after tenant had departed in descript and in which to a second consulted on the subject of a large in the subject of a large house, but a few hundred yards from ledgrave Square, from which tenant after tenant had departed in descript and in which to a second consulted in the subject of the subj had departed in despair, and in which no serv-ant could be persuaded to remain. Not to men-tion mysterious noises, "apirit" hands were both felt and seen. The fact is at least curious that in that, in this house, several years since, a now defunct spiritualist society held occasional meet-ings.

defunct spiritualist society near exceptions.

Another very large house, in a fashionable street, had to be given up by the lessee, a distinguished general officer, at a considerable sacrifice, his lady's rest, and indeed his own, being perpetually broken by smothered shrieks, of which it proved impossible to asceptain the cause. But, of all the spectres of our time, none have, in amount and character of testimony, exceeded that of B., personally investigated by the writer, a few weeks after the commencement of the disturbing influence.

neighborhood-Sir C S .- that the writer receiv-

neighborhood—Sir C S,—that the writer received intimation of certain occurrences at B, so remarkable, yet so authentic, as to justify a visit of inquiry to the spot.

The pretty, sequestered village of B, is situated a few miles from Rugby, and consists only of a few small dwellings of the cottage class, the inhabitants of which appeared both clean, sober, and intelligent, with manners which might have done honor to a more polished community.

In this village died, March the 3d, 1851, a Mrs. Knebb, aged sixty-seven. Born and bred in the place, she had, married, late in life, a person of some means, who, dying, left her in easy circum-

place, she had married, late in life, a person of some means, who, dying, left her in easy circumstances for persons of her class, the cottage in which she resided forming a portion of her own property. She was, however, of a most pennrions disposition, concealing to the utmost her means of subsistence, and denying herself the necessaries of life to such an extent as to bring on the illness of which she subsequently died.

During this illness she was supplied with all she needed by her nephew. Mr. Hart, a farmer, and was nursed by her neighbors, Mrs. Holding and Mrs. Griffin, her habits retaining such hold upon her that she, on one occasion, pretending to be penniless, sent Mrs. Holding to be given a six-

As her end approached she betrayed no mental disquietnde, but when turned in her bed by her two attendants, expressed an opinion that she should not survive that night, adding that she trusted it would prove so, and that before another she would prove so, and that before another she would be in paradise.

She did, in fact, die that night, having a short that he fare, left everything, by will, with the

She did, in fact, die that night, having a short time before, left everything, by will, with the executorship, to her nephew, Mr. Hart.

A month after the funeral, Mrs. Holding and her uncle, who occupied the cottage adjoining that of the deceased, which had been shut up, were alarmed by lond thumps against the patition wall, slamming of doors, and sounds as of furniture violently thrown about. This last circumstance was the strangest, seeing that everything had been removed from the building. But, on entering the house, all was quiet.

These noises generally commenced about 2 o'clock a.m., (the time of the ald woman's death), but sometimes earlier, and caused so much alarm

o'clock a.m., (the time of the eld woman's death), but sometimes earlier, and caused so much alarm that Mrs. Holding declared they could never bear to go to bed till eleven, an unheard-of dissipation at B., in order that, when they did retire, fatigue might enable them to sleep through it all. One night, however, the noise was so fearful that Mrs. Holding got up and went in search of her uncle, who was absent. His consolatory comment was simply:

"Well, missis, I do believe there's our Missis Knebb come back!"

On the 3th of April the family of a respectable

"Well, missis, I do believe there's our Missis Knebb come back?"

On the 9th of April the family of a respectable lawyer, named Accleton, tempted by the low rent, came into the disturbed house.

Mrs. Accleton informed the writer that she occupied the bedroom in which the old woman died, a rather lofty and commodious apartment, having in the ceiling a small trap-door, leading to a sort of loft among the rafters. Accleton was much from home, but the eldest child, a girl of ten, slept in a small bed in a corner, about three paces from her mother.

On one occasion, soon after they entered, Mrs. A. was awakened, about two in the morning, by a tremendous crash in the room below. Thinking it was her husband, who had gone to Hilmorton feast, she called out: "Oh, so you've come home at last. I can hear."

No answer was returned, but the noises were renewed, at intervals, until 7 o'clock, when the husband returned.

Similar sounds were heard nearly every night, but nothing was seen until one night, or rather morning, about two, the elder Accletons were aroused by loud shriek from the child:

"Mother, mother! There's a woman standing by my bed, a-shaking her head at me." The parents saw nothing, but the child persist-ing, Accleton got up, and approached the bed, saxing.

THE ALIET

ing, Accleton got up, and approached the bed, saying:

"Nonsense, nonsense, girl. It's only your mether's cap and gown hanging on your bed."

(This was not the case, it being merely said to pacify her.)

The girl, however, reiterated her story adding that the woman wore a white cap and mottled gown, and was very tall. (The deceased, Mra. Knebb, was five feet eleven inches in height.)

All was now quiet until about four, when the child, who had been lying with her face to the wall, shrieked out again in an agony of terror:

"Mother, mother! Here's that woman again!" She declared that the visitor had awakened her by turning the corner of the sheet over her face.

The apparition was seen by the little girl in all, seven times, and her health, the mother declared, had been seriously injured by the nervous shock, though, "by the blessing of God, and with youth on her side," she would now get over it.

She was a pretty, blue-eyed, intelligent child, with a frank, infantine manner, the reverse of cunning. She told the writer that the spectre came with a low laughing, or singing voice, was surrounded by a "brown light," stood erect with folded hands, and gazed at her in a bold, firm manner.

Up to this time, some degree of incredulity ex-

Up to this time, some degree of incredulity existed among the neighbors as to the child's statement, a feeling never partaken by the mother. But all doubts were soon to be set at rest.

Mrs. Accleton, whose mother was sleeping with her, in the abscence of her husband, was awakened one morning, at two, by a sudden light in the room. In an instant, the idea of the spectral presence crossed her mind, and she at first closed her eyes, resolved not to see it, but, regaining courage.

The following story is reported from a village near Ilehester, in Somerset, England:

"A well-to-do farmer, who has always borne the reputation of a shrewd man of business, a few weeks since had the misfortnne to find a strange fatality breaking out among his herd of cows. A veterinary surgeon was called in, and every precaution taken, and the remainder of the herd were in a fair way of recovery, when suddenly the farmer became suspicious, and insisted that he and his cows had been 'overlooked,' and immediately sought out a 'wise woman' residing in an adjacent town. Acting upon the advice of the old hag, the farmer returned home and shortly encircled with faggets the last bullock that died, ignited the pile, and burnt the carcass, an incantation being pronounced over the burning beast. The remainder of the herd recovered, and their recovery is of course attributed by the farmer and his simple-minded neighbors, not to the skill of the veterinary surgeon, but to the success of the weired ceremonial prescribed by the fortuneteller.

THE Lucknow Times says that in Pekin a newa-paper of extraorninary size is published weekly on silk. It is stated to have been started more than a thousand years ago. In 1827, a public of-ficer caused some false information to be inserted in the paper, for which he was put to death. Several numbers were in the royal library of Paris, before the late troubles.

tral presence crossed her mind, and she at first closed for eyes, resolved not to see it, but, regaining courage.

"I said to myself," she related, "the Lord's will be done. I never did her any harm. With that, I lifted my head from the pillow, and there she stood, at the bed's foot, and 'set' me as firm and proud as if she was alive. I looked at her full five minutes. Then I spoke to my mother, who was awake, and told her there was Mrs. Knebb. But she only said, 'Lord help us, don't see it!' and she pulled the clothes over her head."

Mrs. Accleton had previously declared her intention to address the spirit, should it appear; but her courage proved unequal to this, though, she added, it moved towards her with a gentle and appealing manner, and even slightly touched the bolster, "as though it would have said, 'Speak, speak." The form and face were distinctly visible in a misty light; it was beyond question the presentment of the deceased woman.

dered white cap, in which she was dressed for the grave.

The usual brownish light was visible, pervading the room, and sending streams or "ribbons" of instre towards the portion of the celling where the trap-door was situated.

All these parties referred to the moaning noise made by the phantom, and compared it to the constant moaning made by the deceased during her last hours.

The most extraordinary feature of the story has yet to be narrated.

The circumstance of streams of light pointing always towards the before-mentioned trap-door, coupled with certain conjectures, engendered by the deceased's miserly ways, induced a suggestion that money might be concealed in the loft above, and an appeal being made to Mr. Hart, the nephew and executor, he proceeded to the house, and, assisted by Mrs. Accleton, who held the ladder by which he reached the trap, and crept into the loft.

It was totally dark, and the candle was thrice blown ont by the eddying draughts before he reached the inner recesses. Presently he called out that he had found a parcel, and flung down into the room a bundle of old deeds.

A minute later he cried out again, and hastily descended, bringing with him a large bag, secured with twine, and covered with dust and cobwebs. On opening it, notes and gold were found to a considerable amount.

On being asked if he did not appear surprised or elated at such a discovery, Mrs. Accleton replied that he displayed much agitation, shed tears, and said that "now he trusted the poor soul would rest in peace."

The expectation was not immediately fulfilled. Three days, indeed, clapsed in quiet, but on the fourth, the noises recommenced worse than ever. Mr. Hart now proceeded to examined more closely into the affairs of the deceased, when certain debts were discovered still existing against her estate. These were serupionsly satisfied, after which (the dead year, as Mrs. Radburn called it, being up) all disturbance ceased.

Such are the facts of the B. ghost, detailed, by those questioned, with all the appearan

Miscellany. THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD. TRANSLATED BY H. W. LONGFELLOY

An angel with a radiant face, Above a cradle bent to look, Seemed his own image true to trace, As in the waters of a brook.

"Dear child! who me resemblest so."
It whispered, "come, O come with me!
Happy together let us go,
The earth unworthy is for thee!

Here none to perfect bliss attain;
The soul in pleasure suffering lies;
loy hath as undertone of pais.
And even the happiest hours their sigha.

"Tear doth at every portal knock; Never a day serene and pure From the c'orchadowing tempest's shock Hath made the morrow's dawn secure. What then, shall serrows and shall fears Come to disturb so pure a begw? And with the bitterness of tears These eyes of saure troubled grow?

"Ah, no! into the field of space, Away shall thou escape with me; And Providence will grant the grace Of all the days that were to be.

"Let no one in thy dwelling cower In sombre vestments draped and veiled; But let them welcome thy last hour. As thy first moments once they hailed.

Without a cloud be there each brow; There let the grave no shadow cast; Where one as pure as thou art now. The fairest day is still the last."

And waving wide his wings of white. The angel, at these words, had sped Towards the eternal realms of fight!— Poor mother! see, thy sun is dead.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT VS. THI TELEGRAPH.

In editorially announcing the death of its founder and proprietor, James Gordon Bennett, the New York Hevald says: "He was ever ready to give his earnest and powerful aid to the establishment of steamship lines, railroads and telegraphs, which he recognized as the great missionaries of civilization, and the life-blood of a perfect daily newspaper."

but her courage proved unequal to this, though, she added, it moved towards her with a gentle and appealing manner, and even slightly touched the bolster, "as though it would have said, "Speak, speak." The form and face were distinctly viable in a misty light; it was beyond question the presentment of the deceased woman.

Mrs. Radburn, a determined-looking dame of about threescore, who had enjoyed the dangerons honor of partaking of Mrs. Accleton's couch, stated that she was aroused one night by a pressure on her elbow. The room was so light that, mistaking it for dawn, she prepared to rise, when a clock struck two, and she the same instant became aware of the presence of the apparision. It stood between her and the window. "Patches of light" were about the room, all the witnesses alluding to coruscations of some description, which always accompanied the spectre, as it went "flustering" through the apartment.

A very well-mannered and intelligent woman was Mrs. Griffin, before mentioned, who had nursed the deceased, and perfect delton, who had nursed the deceased, and perfect with the same hour by the same cause. Shé, however, possessed more nerve than her neighbors, for though conscious of the presence of the apparition, she determined to baulk it.

"I 'sleered' my eyes through the room, sir, and said, 'My old wench, you shan't know I'm secing of you."

The spirit, however, exercised some compulsory power, or curiosity did, and Mrs. Griffin saw the spectre, looking "bold and impudent," and wearing a dark mottled gown, and a double-bordered white cap, in which she was dressed for the graye.

The spirit, however, exercised some compulsory power, or curiosity did, and my defendent and the country. In the celling where the transferred to the enterprise of the business interests, and said, 'My old wench, you shan't know I'm secing of you."

The spirit, however, exercised some compulsory the particular of the business interests, and we are supported in the cutter of the present Western Union Telegraph in Boston. Fin

transferred to the city of New York, where an experimental line was opened in the autumn of 1844, for exhibition to the public. The line extended from No. 112 Broadway to a point just above the present Metropolitan Hotel. So hittle attention did this wonderful invention then receive, even at the modest admission fee of one shilling por head, that Mr. Cornell and his assistant found it extremely difficult to maintain themselves in the most humble manner, upon the entire receipts of their exhibition. Sleeping on the chairs in their exhibition room, they ofton found it necessary to go to bed supperless. Without the means of paying for advertising, the daily papers were besonght to notice the exhibition editorially. Kindly notices were given by the Express and Erening Post, as well as some of the other papers of the day, but not a word could the Herstd be induced to say. Finally Mr. Cornell sought an interview with Mr. Bennett, and solicited his attention. He was met by the veryfrank statement from Mr. Bennett that he was opposed to the success of the telegraph. In Mr. Bennett's own words, he "had at great expense established his expresses in such manner that he could leat all of his rivals, and if the telegraph were once successfully established he would lose his advantage."

Within two years Mr. Cornell had the proud satisfaction of demonstrating to Mr. Bennett the value of his then mode of transmitting important news. During the year 1845, mainly by the efforts of Theodore 8. Faxton and his associates of Ctica, a company was organized for building a telegraph line between New York and Buffalo. The section between New York and Albany was obailt under the superintendency of Mr. Cornell, and was opened for business at the end of 1846. Gov. Young's annual message was transmitted to the Legislature at noon. At that hour, a Herald messenger, with a copy of the message, left the capital on horseback, provided with relays of fleet horses #s short intervals. Riding at break neck speech line point the Harlem railroad was

tiquity in the East being now systematic.

ALLUDING to the emigration of thirty Colostials to study at Yale, a correspondent says:

"The Chinese Freshman flying his leisure kite upon the college grounds instead of carrying off midnight gates and nailing up obnaxions tutors; the Chinese Sephomore feeding upon fragal rat, instead of lavishing his money upon bad champagne; the Chinese Junior making his own clothing, instead of making the fortunes of designing tailors, and the Chinese Senior preferring to translate Coufneius into English rather than to first with the traditional belle of New Haven, will utterly confound the traditions of Yale and provoke undergraduate hostilsty to Chinese cheap study.

During the entire war but one act of sacrilege

Ax eminent archeologist, after a lifetime of labor, has discovered that pins were made in ancient Thebes, and he is devoting a useful aid age to the antiquity of thimbles.

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.

On the 19th of March, 1791, Prosiciont Washington wrote from Philadelphia to Gene Ladgetic as faithwar. "My health is now quite restored, emption from sickness. On Monday next 1 said enter upon your friendly prescription of exercise, intenting at that time he had been for government of the said of the sai BY COL. J. W. FORNEY.

board a richly decounted load, rowed down the rive by nine sea captaina, dressed in light blue silk jackets, black sain breeches, white silk stockings, and round lasts, with black ribbous, inscribed, "Long live the President" in golder. letters. Ten miles from Savannah they were met by other barges, in one of which the gentlemen sung the pepular air, "He Consea! the Hero Consea!" Here new honors and festivities awaited him. He passed on to Augusta, where the populace rapturously received him; returning into South Carolina, visited Collumbia, dined at Camden, passed through Charlotte, Salisbury, Salem, Guillord and other towns in North Carolina, and arrived at Mount Vermon on the 12th of June. On the last day of that mouth he started for Philadelphia by way of Frederick, York and Laucaster, and arrived at the Presidential residence about noon on the 6th of July, having been absent nearly three months, during that period performing a journey of 1,8er miles. It was said of Washington that "no man in the army had a better cys for horses." This long tenr was a severe test of the capacity of his steeds, and before reaching Charleston he wrote to Mr. Lear, his Secretary, "that though all things considered, they had got on very well, yet if brought back, they would not cut capers as they did on setting out. My horses, especially the two I bought just before I get into the upper roads."

While the President was in the South, Thomas Jefferson and James Malison were making a tour in the North. They proceeded to New York, sailed up the Hunlson to Albany, visited the principal secture of the British General Burgoyue's misfortunces, at Stillwater, Saratoga, and Bennington, Fort William Henry, Fort Ticenderoga, Crown Point, and other memorable Revolutionary places. Jefferson amused himself with his guns and hook and line, and indulged his strong tast for natural history.

1 recall these facts to show that the custom of Presidential Journeys did not originate with President in many cities and villages of the West. Although man

WHEN WILL THE EXD COME?

and constitute, I was forty as offly sinks earth, which is fighted and the control of the contro

BT O. W. HOLMES.

of any railroad, and destined to slow denth. All the signs indicate to me that its population is much less than it was ten years ago, and that it must continue to decrease for the next twenty.

Leaving the Rio Grande, we enter the "American Desert," which continues with but rare cases all the way to and beyond the Colorado. This route is like all other routes in the respect. Any road across the continent anst traverse a desert region from four to eight hundred miles wide. The Union Pacific enters upon it about Laramie, and deducting the Salt Lake Valley, and perhaps two or three others, continues in all lite way to the Sierras. The Northern Pacific strikes it at the Maureises Jerree of Likota, and thence barreneses is the rule and fectility the exception to the entering of Washington Territory. This road enters it at the Rio Grande, and traverses it to Southern California. But this line has two advantages. The desert country is more marrow, and the natural route better. The whole region between the Rio Grande and Colorado, from latitude 34 to 38°, is a grand plateau, or rather a succession of plateaus, falling off castward and westward from the anumit of the Sierria Madre, broken across by wild gorges and abrupt canyous, with secasional forests and considerable tract of grass, but practically worthless for agriculture. Here and there in Western New Mexico is a small valley where half a dozen sections by the aid of irrigation, sustain a miserable Mexican handlet of a few hundred people; and in Arizoana there are larger tracts on the Sau Juan and Colorado Chiquito.

The mountains about Fort Wingate abound in timber. On the Navajoe Reserve 1 crossed one splendid forest affreen miles square, and southwest of Moqui, on the slopes of the San Francisco and White Mountains, the road runs through a heavily timbered country for over fifty miles. All accounts agree in representing that the timber there is very fine and the country well watered. In their lost days, before their last war, when the Navajoes were the wealthie

.. THE LITTLE CHURCH ROUND THE COR-

BY A. E. LANCASTER

["Mr. Joseph Jefferson, who made the application to the clergyman to officiate, asid that he regretted the publicity that had been given to the affair both for the sake of religion and in view of the feelings of the bereaved family. It appears that the clergyman first consented to allow the fineeral to take place from his church, but when he learned that Mr. Hediand had been an actor, he withdrew his consent. He added that there was a little church around the correst from his where function of actors had taken place, and where he advised Mr. Jefferson to make application. Mr. Jefferson let with the characteristic and almost poetical remark: 'All honor to that little church around the corner.' — Morning Newspaper.'

Bring him not here, where our sainted feet Are treading the path to glory; Bring him not here, where our Savior awest Repeats for ma His story. Go take him where 'such things' are done, (For he sat in the seat of the corner). To where they had room, for we have none, To that little church round the corner."

So spike the holy man of God
Of another man, his brother.
Whose cold remains, ere they sought the sod.
Had only saked that at Christian rite.
Might be read above them by one whose light
Was "Brethren, love one smother."
Had only asked that a prayer be read.
Ere his death went down to join the death
Whilst his spirit looked, with suppliant eyes.
Searching for God throughout the skies.
But the privat frowned. "No," and his brow was bare
Of love the slight of the motriner.
And they looked for Christ and found Him—where I
In that little clougeh round the corner!

Ab I well, God grant when, with aching feet,
We trend life a hast feet paces.
That we may hear some accent sweet.
And kiss, to the end, fond faces.
God grant that this thred dosh may rest
Mid many a musing mourner.
White the sermon is preached, and the rites are rea
In no church where the heart of love is dead
And the pastor a pions gety at less,
But in some small mosk where their itself is confessed—
Some little church round the corner."

OLD BLUCKER.

The Famous Rifle of Kentucky -1: Takes Ite

sheep and goats between Dead Man's Canyonsixty miles west of the Rise Grande—and the
function of the two Colorados, about all the
country could sustain. Many large tracts of
grass are found without water, several of which
we crossed. But making all possible allowance
for timber, grass and water, at least half, if not
two-thirds of this vast section—three hundred or
two-thirds of this vast section—three hundred or
for hundred unles in extent, four times the size
of Indian—is utterly werthles and irredeemals
jy it can not average one acre in a hundred
in jor cultivation. It has some advantages ever
most of these deserts; where I traveled there
and the Rise of the casts where it raveled there
aby warm. During the entire time I was with
the Navajoes my hardships were less than they
know often been in the same amount of time on
the days often relieved by a pleasant wind. A
the end of a ride of six hundred miles on horse
back. I look back to it with recollections of
novel enjoyment. I lived with the Indians with
feelings of perfect security, and had everything
done for my comfort promptly and kindly,
never saddled my horse once during the time
was with them, and only cooked enough to show
them how. In short, the journey was one
and recomfort, and with more humor, sociability
and kindness than one could have believed pressible in the companionship of barbarians.

Palmyra is one of the many beautiful and
thrifty villages with which Central and Western
New York abounds. It lies twenty-three miles
and through the head. The sibration of a later day.

Among those who have acquired five head
was with them, and only cooked enough to show
them how. In short, the journey was one
solved guite for early pioneers were of
more comfort, and with more humor, sociability
and kindness than one could have believed pressible in the companionship of barbarians.

Palmyra is one of the many beautiful and
thrifty villages with which Central indicate
was with them, and only cooked enough to show
your preserve the preserve the preserve